

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?

Krs: yes, I think very deeply.

[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]

Let's begin, what, where, why, or when

Will all be explained like instructions to a game

See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational

When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "

This one or that one, the white one or the black one

Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one

Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew

Right up to your face and dis you

Everyone saw me on the last album cover

Holding a pistol something far from a lover

Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t

I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me

This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"

Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me

This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn

I'm not flammable, I don't burn

So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect

'cause that's just what kr collects

See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk

You walk down the street and get jumped

You got to have style, and learn to be original

And everybody's gonna wanna diss you

Like me, we stood up for the south bronx

And every sucka mc had a response

You think we care? I know that they are on the tip

My posse from the bronx is thick

And we're real live, we walk correctly

A lot of suckas would like to forget me

But they can't, cause like a champ

I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second

On the mic, I believe that you should get loose

I haven't come to tell you I have juice

I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level

I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]

I'll play the nine and you play the target

You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Or should I say, "start this," I am an artist
Of new concepts at their hardest
Cause, yo, I'm a teacher and scott is a scholar
It ain't about money cause we all make dollars
That's why I walk with my head up
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up
Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games
A lot of suckas with colorful names
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack
I'm not white or red or black
I'm brown.. from the boogie down
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'
Others say their bad, but they're buggin
Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop
About d-nice, melody, and scott la rock
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker
Mainly what I write is for the average new yorker
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin
But I don't walk this way to portray
Or reinforce stereotypes of today
Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon
Talk broken english and drug sellin'
See I'm tellin, and teaching real facts
The way some act in rap is kind of wack
And it lacks creativity and intelligence
But they don't care cause the company is sellin' it
It's my philosophy, on the industry
Don't bother dissin me, or even wish that we'd
Soften, dilute, or commercialize all our lyrics
Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man
A vegetarian, no goat or ham
Or chicken or turkey or hamburger
'cause to me that's suicide self-murder
Let us get back to what we call hip hop
And what it meant to dj scott la rock...

[verse three]

How many mc's must get dissed
Before somebody says, "don't f*** with kris!"
This is just one style, out of many
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny
My brother's name is kenny - that's, kenny parker
My other brother i.c.u. is much darker
Boogie down productions is made up of teachers
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker
Who gets weaker? the king or the teacher

It's not about a salary it's all about reality
Teachers teach and do the world good
Kings just rule and most are never understood
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry
All inside this room right now would be in misery
No one would get along nor sing a song
'cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong? !
So yo, what's up, it's me again
Scott la rock, krs, bdp again
Many people had the nerve to think we would end the trend
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten
Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records
No more than four minutes and some seconds
The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'
They buy the album, take it home, and start sweatin'
Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital
To take krs-one's title
To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?
Or rather mention us, me or scott la rock
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped
I don't play around nor do I f*** around
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around
When some clown jumps up to get beat down
Broken down to his very last compound
See how it sounds? a little irrational
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical!
Fresh for '88, you suckas...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Slippin♦"

(yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? boogie down productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you Know what I'm sayin? (word) yo! what's goin' on? mr. magic-you know what Happened? he slipped on us-he die. pumpin kiss fm, we rock. to my man dj Red alert- we chillin' (word). yo man! yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-wearin' the, ah, jerry curls, man.word up! he was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. he had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
This is the warning, known as the caution:
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress
You can't match this style or attack this
While I'm telling you, write on schedule
 Fuck with k-r-s and I'll bury you
 Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel
 No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle
 Total domination on stage
 Kris is the name, 22 is the age
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are
 You got a little girl, you drive a little car
You come into the place with that look on your face
 Before you ran the mile, you lost the race
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room
 I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom
 I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete
 I'll slide you to a funky beat
 So what do we have here?
 A sucka in fear
 I snatched your heart
 Put it way up on the chart
 At ten you're fucked
 At nine you suck
 At eight you're a sucker
 At seven-a mothafucka
 At six you're slapped
 At five you're just wacked
 At four you're lost
 At three, you're just soft
 At two you're an ass
 At one, you're a dick

But before you slip, I'll whip
'cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on.a long time, ya see me slip on, crop d,
And I'll slip on, everybody-i slip on.sayin? I'll come back if I miss you,
Sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece
First a bass, a snare
A little cut over there
I add my name k-r-s
And the shit becomes fresh
I ask moe and icu for their thoughts
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tought
One again, the tactics of original arts
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start
We're known as boogie down productions, ain't no b-boy stance
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? you've come to the source
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule
One after another, another to the next
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex
Check your larynx
It may get lower havin' sex
Or may get higher
When bustin' as a liar
These are the things I teach so be tought
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed
I'm bringin' back that ol' new york rap
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap
It's funny
Just dissin' you I can make money
But noone's tippin'
My message is simple: ya' slippin!

(they slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? to my brother krs-1, you're large, i'm
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large.they're slippin')

E-n-o, s-r-k
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say
Goddam! they all seem to sound alike
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light
Showing, glowing, on the top growing

The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Just like a river, or better yet a stream
I'm proud to be down with the winning team
So don't ever in your life even think about an arguement
'cause you'll get walked on like carpet
We'll pick you up, and dust you off
Stamp bdp on you're head and you're off
But you won't even change that to say instead
I'm down 'cause I got a bdp on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'

(yo! they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, i
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'
Man.b-boy records, magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what i'm
Saying? this other kid-i don't know what his name is, but you know what time
It is. (word up!) he's slippin' too (everybody).slippin', and everytime
He do somethin', he's slippin'. slippin'.)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Stop The Violence"

Worldwide bdp are the freshest!
Worldwide! worldwide! worldwide!

One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you want to go to the tip top
Stop the violence in hip-hop, y-o

Time and time again, as I pick up the pen
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words
I glance at the paper to know what's going on
Someone's doing wrong, the story goes on
Mary lue's had a baby someone else decapitated
The drama of the world shouldn't keep us so frustrated
I look, but it doesn't coincide with my books
Social studies when I speak upon political crooks
It's just the presidents, and all the money they spent
All the things they invent and how the house is so immaculate
They paid missiles, my family's eating gristle
Then they get upset when the press blows the whistle
Of course the main profiles are kept low
You temper with some jobs, now the press is controlled
Not only newspapers, but every single station
You only get to hear the president is on vacation
But ehrm, stay calm, there's no need for alarm
You say "go back" to your mom, and you're off to vietnam
You shoot to kill, come back and you're a veteran
But how many veterans are out there pedaling?
There's no telling, 'cause they continue selling
As quiet as it's kept, I won't go into depth
You can talk about nigeria, people used to laugh at ya.
Now I take a look, I say "usa for africa?!"

Huh.

What's the solution, to stop all this confusion?
Rewrite the constitution, change the drug which you're using
Rewrite the constitution or the emancipation proclamation
We fight inflation, yet the president's still on vacation

Bdp posse!
I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

This might sound a little strange to you
Well here's the reason I came to you
We gotta put our heads together, and stop the violence
Cause real bad boys move in silence
When you're in a club, you come to chill out
Not watch someones blood just spill out
That's what these other people want to see
Another race fight endlessly
You know we're being watched, you know we're being seen
Some wish to destroy this scene called hip-hop
But I won't drop
Not I or scott larock
Now here is the message that we bring today:
Hip-hop will surely decay
If we as a people don't stand up and say:
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Bdp and me
We step into the party top celebrity
Say when we're coming to dance, we never have to pay a fee
Cause that's where we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I have this one wife, her name is miss melody
I know I'm from the bronx, she from the brooklyn posse
I tell ya look a little like this, then I tell you some that i
Sometimes I got my gear on, sometimes I wear a hat
Sometimes I'm in a mercedes and sometimes I'm in a plain
Sometimes I find myself upon the number two train
Some people look at me and see negativity
Some people look at me and see positivity
But when I see myself I see creativity
So if I can create, well then I make some money
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Illegal Business"

{*30 seconds in: dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

[krs-one]

One afternoon around eleven o'clock
It was freezin cold, he was standing on the block
Sellin cheeba, nick's and dimes
Sayin a rhyme just to pass the time
The cops passed by, but he stayed calm
Cause the leather trench coat was keepin him warm
But this time they walked by real slowly
He thought to himself, "they look like they know me"
They drove away, but he didn't stay
He jumped in the cab and he paid his tab
But guess who he saw when he hit the block
It was the same cop car, the same two cops
They jumped out quick, they pulled a gun
They said, "don't try to fight and don't try to run
Cooperate and we will be your friend
Non-cooperation will be your end"
He jumped in the car, and while they rode
They ran down the list of things he owed
They said, "you owe us some money, you owe us some product
Cause you could be right in the river tied up"
He thought for a second and he said, "what is this?
You want me to pay you to stay in business?"
They said, "that's right, or you go to prison
Cause nobody out there is really gonna listen
To a hood," so he said, "good!
I'll pay you off for the whole neighborhood"
Because

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

[krs-one]

A guy named jack, is sellin crack
The community, doesn't want him back
 He sells at work, he sells in schools
 He's not stupid, the cops are the fools
 Cause everyone else seems to go to jail
But when it comes to jack, the cops just fail
 They can't arrest him, they cannot stop him
 Cause even in jail the bail unlocks him
 So here is the deal, and here is the facts
If you ever wonder why they can't stop crack
 The police department, is like a crew
 It does whatever they want to do
 In society you have illegal and legal
 We need both, to make things equal
 So legal is tobacco, illegal is speed
 Legal is aspirin, illegal is weed
Crack is illegal, cause they cannot stop ya
But cocaine is legal if it's owned by a doctor
 Everything you do in private is illegal
Everything's legal if the government can see you
Don't get me wrong, america is great place to live
 But listen to the knowledge I give

Cocaine business controls america
 Ganja business controls america
 Krs-one come to start some hysteria
 Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Krs-one come to start some hysteria
{*dj scratches "what what what what, what what what what,
 What can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
 Ganja business controls america
 Krs-one come to start some hysteria
 Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Yeah, illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
 Yeah, krs-one come to start some hysteria

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Yeah, bdp takin over america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Ganja business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine, sensai

Aspirin, coffee

Morphine, sugar

Tobacco, got to go

{*dj scratches "what what what what, what can we get.."}*

Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what what, what can we get.."}*

Yeahhhhh, ganja business controls america

{*dj scratches "what what what what what,

What can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Yeahhhhh, cocaine business controls america

{*dj scratches "what what what what.."}*

Illegal business controls america

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Nervous"

[krs-one]
by all means necessary
Written, produced, directed, by blastmaster krs-one
Mixed, by dj doc
And now.. it's time.. to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
Bdp is in full and total effect
I'm gonna shout out a couple of names
We're gonna do it like this
Dj doc.. manager moe.. ms. melody.. i.c.u., mcboo
{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
D-nice.. scott larock.. krs-one, I think that's me
And you know what? I'm down with bdp
{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
So right about this time
You should throw your hands up in the air
How many people got nike's on?
If you got your nike's on, put your feet up in the air
If you don't got nike's on
I think you need to keep your feet down
Cause the party is live {nerrrrrrr-vous!}
And we're in total stereo, yaknowhati'msayin?

So all the suckers out there that wanna test
It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
And at this point, we gettin a little stupid
I'd like to say, dj doc is in the back chillin out
On the 48-track board without a doubt
Break it down doc, like this!{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
I'd like to give a shout out to who? big daddy kane
Heavy d, and eric b.
Melody, d-square{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
So just throw your hands in the air
Just throw your hands in the air
Krs-one is here without a care
And I don't have no fears homeboy
So all the suckers out there that wanna test bdp
It's time to get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
Now, here's what we do on the 48-track board
We look around for the best possible break
And once we find it, we just break..
.. or, we just break{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
There's two ways to do this, you see what I'm sayin?
If you feel the board, you feel around

We got tracks one to track 48
We find track seven, and break it down!
 {nerrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay.. this album has been funded
 By the blastmaster krs-one fund
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!
 You know what? we're gettin {nerrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay, we gon' play a little game, break it down doc
 Like this, or like this
 {nerrrrrrr-vous!}

You know what? I used to be a graffiti artist
 I used to write krs-one all over the place
 All up in soundview, in brooklyn
Then when the cops come for you, ha ha hah
 You just get{nerrrrrrr-vous!}
 And another thing:
Me and my crew, we made hit records all over the place
 But we left b-boy records
And you know what happened after that point?
 Ha hah, they just got{nerrrrrrr-vous!}

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"I ♡ m Still #1"

Verse 1

D.J. Doc you know he's down with us
D-Square, he's down with us
Keyboard Money Mike, is down with us
I.C.U., you know he's down with us
D-Nice and McBoo, they're down with us
Ms. Melodie, she's down with us
Just-Ice and DMX, they're down with us
My manager Moe, he's down with us
Castle-D boy, he's down with us
D.J. Red Alert, he's down with us
Robocop boy, he's down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

People still takin' rappin' for a joke
A passing hope or a phase with a rope
Sometimes I choke and try to believe
when I get challenged by a million MCs
I try to tell them, "We're all in this together!"
My album was raw because no-one would ever
think like I think and do what I do
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue

What do you think makes up a KRS?
Concise teaching, or very clear speaking?
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid
not by financial aid, but a raid of hits
causing me to take long trips
I'm the original teacher of this type of style
Rockin' off-beat with a smile
or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to
BDP Posse so I love to
step in the jam and slam
I'm not Superman, because anybody can
or should be able to rock off turntables
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin
But here's where the problem starts, no heart
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the Old School
cuz Rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the Old School cuz Rap on a whole
isn't even twenty years old
Fifty years down the line, you can start this
cuz we'll be the Old School artists
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun
cuz even then, I'm still number one.

Verse 2

Blastmaster KRS-One of course
comes to express with style the lost
ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present
Knock, knock, who is it?
A brand-new style, hup, time to change
People talk about me when they see me on stage
Live in action, guaranteed raw
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor
Now tomorrow you can say you saw
KRS-One stompin' once more
I play by ear, I love to steer
the Alfa Romeo from here to there
I grab the beer, but not in the ride
cuz I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local
My album is sellin' because of my vocals
You know what you need to learn?
Old School artists don't always burn
You're just another rapper who's had his turn
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned
about idiots posing as kings
What are we here to rule?
I thought we were supposed to sing
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak
KRS-One is something like a total renegade
except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'
not to escape, but hit the problem head-on
by bringin' out the truth in a song
So BDP, short for Boogie Down Productions
made a little noise cuz the crew was sayin' somethin'
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence

why my last jam was so violent
It's simple: BDP will teach reality
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like The P Is Free
So now you know, a poet's job is never done
But I'm never overworked, cuz I'm still number one.

Kool Moe Dee, he's down with us
Eric B. and Rakim, they're down with us
Stetsasonic, they're down with us
Dana Dane, he's down with us
Sleeping Bag Records, they're down with us
My lawyer Jay, he's down with us
Jive/RCA is down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Part Time Sucker"

Hahahahaha...

(T'cha t'cha, that boy is a t'cha - KRS-One)

I want you all to understand I'm down with BDP

I got so many styles, but I'm not an MC

I am a teacher teaching rap, and of course I am back

Because these other MC's are here also weak and wack

So BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them

BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them

All about the guy who first is down but then he lies

What he is to you, he's a part time sucker

Among thousands and thousands of very good MC's

A poet will flow like the breeze

Like the wind, air is all around us

From what I hear, it's a good thing you found us

And in a hurry, just in the nick of time

Cause I do four things: rhyme, produce, teach, and bring to you new styles

Well here's the first style, right out the pile

It's called vocabulary. Difficult, isn't it?

At least it looks that way when you witness it

Kill (kill?) meaning to deprive of life

Fiancee: future wife

Poet (poet): a person who writes poems

Wandering, meaning to roam

Everyone sees me when I walk into the public

Even the suckers, I just love it

When they get disgusted every time I prove

(Boogie Down Pro...) Boogie Down Productions will move

Meaning to motivate, lest rhyme straight

Hate is a very very big mistake

It rhymes with frustrate and aggravate

Let me just demonstrate why I won't abbreviate

Television, a view of scenes transmitted

Every single second you get it

Pepsi (what?) the choice of a new generation

Fired from work: termination

Quality: something special about an object or person

Can you rock a party without rehearsing?

I can, anytime, on the spot rhyme

Many recording artists can't do it, but I'm

More than just a recording artist kicking dust (who?)

I'm a sandstorm, taking human form

K plus R S equals one

I don't burn anymore, I just cook 'till you're done

And when you're done, then I serve
Like alphabet soup, (letters) letters, (words) words
Sentences, chunks of meat into a paragraph
Get the meaning then ask the question 'bout the guy
Who first is down but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
Kewe-kewe-K, Arewa-arewa-R, Ewe-ewe-S, my rhymes are fresh
Please step back, let me progress
Meaning to advance, you only get a glance
Of me at a time, sayin' some rhyme
Or sayin' some rekkid, that should respect it, select it
I'm never ever wack or reject it
Challenge BDP it get's dissed, expect it
I travel the nation by mostly plane
I travel New York by either cab or the train
Some say that I'm insane, they say
Why would you want to ride the train
(But I) but I don't care, as long as I get there
I never used to pay my fare, but now I think I got to
Because from a jail cell I can't rock you
That's being incarcerated, meaning locked up
(A tool) a tool for holding water is a cup or pail,
The opposite for fresh is stale
(The largest) the largest sea-mammal is a whale
Beer is called ale, or sometimes it is called brew
(A group a) a group of human beings is a crew
You know what I'm gonna do? Explain Criminal Minded
Cause much too many people still are blinded
Let me rewind it, and elaborate on blinded, meaning can't see through me
He he he he, these people make me laugh
The way they like to change up the past
So when you're there in class, learning 'his story'
Learn a little of your story, the real story
It doesn't pay to know the life and times of someone else
It doesn't benefit your wealth or your mental health
I go for self, but the real self is one with all
This self who's by himself does fall
Down, just like the guy who first was down, but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
All right, now, hear we go...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jimmy"

Intro

The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy! x2

Verse 1

Here is a message to the Super-Hoes
Just keep in mind when Jimmy grows
It grows and grows and grows, so let it
But keep in mind about the epidemic
When Jimmy releases, boy it pleases
But what do you do about all these diseases?
Jimmy is Jimmy, no matter what
So take care of Jimmy cos you know what's up
Cos now in winter AIDS attacks
So run out and get your Jimmy Hats
It costs so little for a pack of three
They're Jimmy Hats for the winter attack
Good for a present, great for lovers
Demonstrated by The Jungle Brothers
Protect your Jimmy and keep it fresh
They're Jimmy Hats by KRS

Chorus

So, remember you're never too old (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)
Remember you're never too bold (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)
Do me a favour, wear your hat
So Jimmy...will have the opportunity to come back

Verse 2

Well, Red Alert is down with BDP
Teachin' you all about Jimbrowski
I don't wanna hear that you're not with it
Turn around and see your butt in a clinic
Havin' doctors just poke at Jimmy
Let me express what now what's in me
Too many people take too many risks

Too many people I see get dissed
Jimmy Hats are now in style
Cos you can't trust a big butt and a smile
Some are dry and some lubricated
Many companies make and made it
So all you Super-Hoes, wear your hat
Cos drippin' Jimmies is straight up wack
Keep in mind about Jimbrowski
Jimmy Hats by BDP

The J, the I, the M
The M, the Y, the J, the I...
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy!
The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!

Repeat chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T'cha - T'cha"

[krs-one]

Easssssssssy mahn!

It's impossible to take out boogie down productions
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha

Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha

Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]

Me bus' upon the scene around 1986

A few hit records got me started real quick

I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker

All vegetarian, never eat pork or

Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin

Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin

I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital

For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical

On every playlist, waxin that anus

Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal

Point every time you subtract an emcee

People look at me, a p-o-e-t

Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.

And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic

Very psychological; why are you on the dick?

Well, my evaluation is sudden

Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible

You could try your best

But frankly I don't think it's logical

This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris

God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid

Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, biddi-by-by

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade
So everything you're hearing, krs has made
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say
So dj krs has come to show dem the way
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrr
Well then you know that krs don't carrre
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrr, biddi-by-by
And then you know that krs don't carrre
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear
Big derriere to make the next man stare
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home
No one out can compete
And not another dj rocks this type of beat
Come mi say

Chorus

[krs-one]

Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zzoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Necessary"

When some get together and think of rap, they tend to think of violence
But when they are challenged on some rock group, the result is always silence

Even before the rock and roll era, violence played a big part in music
It's all according to your meaning of violence and how or in which way you use
It

No, it's not violent to show in movies the destruction of the human body

But yes, of course it's violent to protect yourself at a party
And, oh no, it's not violent when under the christmas tree is a look-alike gun

But, yes, of course it's violent to have an album like KRS-One

By all means necessary, it's time to end the hypocrisy
What I call violence, I can't do , but your kind of violence is stopping me

By all means necessary, the rap audience must grow up
The same type of fightin' we do, they do except we've got nothing to blow up
It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's only how good you play the game
This is the oldest sneak attack, because it takes away our senses to gain

If all I do is play the game then I am just mediocre
We strive to be the best we can be, not to just get over
Some people say that life on a whole is serious and nothing is funny
That's only if you base your life around competition and money
Yeah, I'm making some money, he's making some money, but none of these things
Are necessities

What I find to be a necessity is controlling a positive destiny
With this, money, fame, glory and credit will come in time
The people down with me know this every minute they hear me sayin rhymes
I got some friends, I got some allies like Stet, and Big Daddy Kane

They know that by all means necessary that peace is the name of this game
Whether peace by war, or peace by peace, the reality of peace is scary
But we must get there, one way or another, By all means necessary.

Necessary from the Lp 'By All Means Necessary' by BDP, lyrics by KRS-1